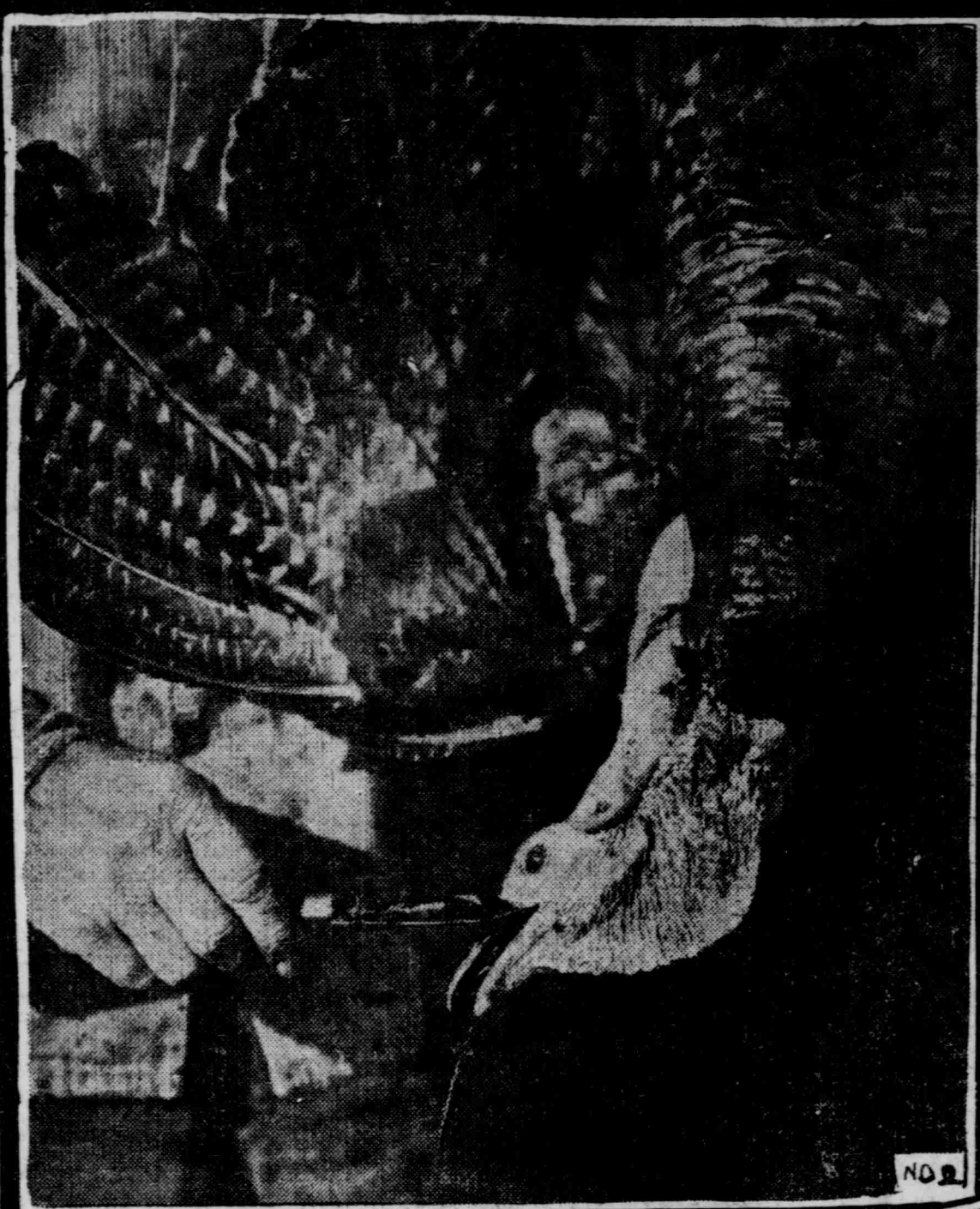
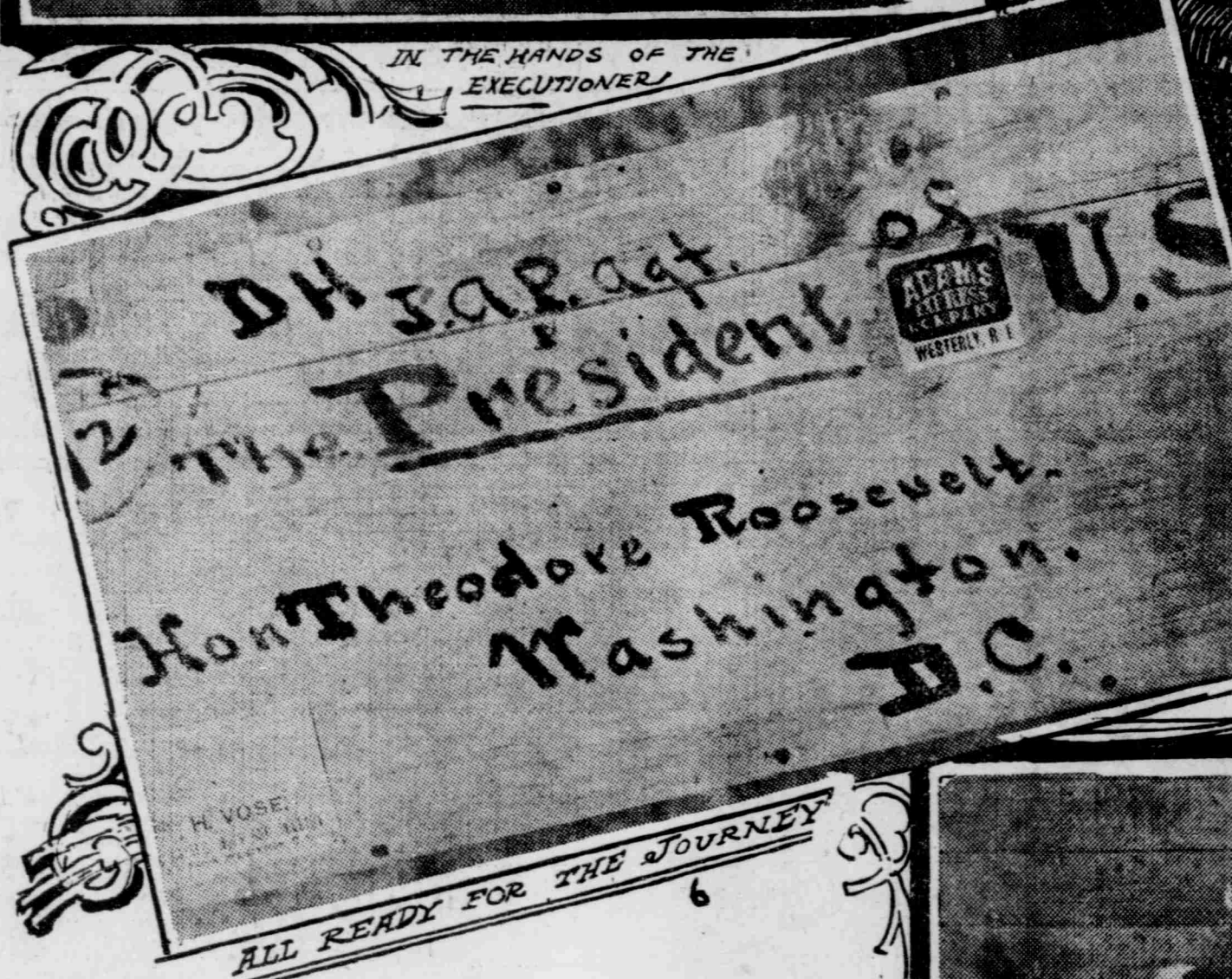


FINEST TURKEY IN AMERICA GOES TO PRESIDENT



IN THE HANDS OF THE
EXECUTIONER



ALL READY FOR THE JOURNEY



GORGEOUS EVEN IN DEATH



THE BIRD IN THE BOX



THOU ART THE BIRD.

No. 7—All Aboard for the White House.

The turkey is killed, plucked and packed just in time to catch a train that will get it to Washington just before the great feast day, and a few days later Mr. Vose has another warm letter of thanks to add to his collection

of letters from all the presidents beginning with Grant. The certain knowledge that the presidential palate has been delighted with the kingpin of all Little Rhody's birds is to Mr. Vose more than sufficient reward for all the trouble incident to the selection, killing and dispatch of the president's turkey.

You have heard ere now, no doubt, of Hiram Vose, the Rhode Island turkey man, who has gained pretty wide fame by sending the presidents of the United States, beginning with Grant, their Thanksgiving turkeys.

It is a story that has been dish up in a conventional sort of way about as often as the great national feast day comes around.

Many times attempts have been made to get Mr. Vose's consent to taking a series of photographs that would show completely the selection and preparation of the president's turkey. If there is one thing he does not like to talk about, that thing is the president's turkey, and so request after request for a photograph story of the turkey has been turned down without hesitation.

But, here is the complete photograph story at last, with Mr. Vose playing a leading part in the pictures. He is shown conferring the degree of president's turkey on the finest bird in all Little Rhody. He is pictured carefully ascertaining the number of pounds and ounces of succulent meat destined for presidential consumption; and with his own hands he is shown packing the bird in its box for shipment to the White House.

In fact, every important step in the selection and preparation of the president's turkey is depicted in the photographs, taken under the personal supervision of Mr. Vose himself.

Only one picture is needed to complete this photograph story of the president's turkey from the Rhode Island field to the White House. And what imagination can not supply it?—the president seated at the head of the family table, carving knife and fork in hand, a broad smile upon his face; a great steaming golden bird before him, stuffed to the bursting point; ranged about, all the Roosevelt children, big and little, and, at the opposite end of the table, the first lady of the land. It is a picture the like of which may be seen in several hundred thousand homes next Thursday. But of all of the united families that will doubtless think they are feasting on the Rhode Island turkey, the president alone can rest assured that his bird is what it has been labeled—a real Rhode Island turkey, born and bred and killed. And as long as life is given to Hiram Vose, occupants of the presidential chair may rest assured that they will have Rhode Island turkey for Thanksgiving, and the very best Rhode Island turkey at that. For of all the turkey experts in America, Mr. Vose is universally recognized as the greatest.

Since Grant's first term, Mr. Vose has

been giving turkeys to the presidents. But here, for the first time, is a complete photograph story of the man and the bird.

No. 1—Thou Art the Bird.

That the finest turkey in Rhode Island may have the high honor of appearing on the president's table on Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Vose personally inspects every flock of turkeys known to exist in Little Rhody. This inspection begins shortly after the turks appear in the spring, and all summer and autumn Mr. Vose keeps his eye on the most promising flocks, and gets the farmers to pay especial attention to such birds as he designates. From these, at the proper time, Mr. Vose selects the best bird in Little Rhody; for he is acknowledged the leading turkey expert of the most famous turkey state of the union. This photograph was taken just after Mr. Vose had conferred the degree of President's turkey on the strutter in the foreground.

No. 2—In the Hands of the Executioner.

Although Mr. Vose does not personally kill the president's turkey, he oversees the operation. The only proper way to kill the president's turkey is to slit the roof of its mouth with a sharp knife, after it has been hung up by its feet, tied together and thrown across a peg. Then, while the bird bleeds to death, a skillful picker dry-plucks it, this task coming to an end with the life of the bird.

No. 3—Gorgeous Even in Death.

Back view of the president's turkey dressed. A front view would show legs and the body of the turkey nearly to the wish bone plucked clean. Ever since Mr. Vose has been supplying the presidential Thanksgiving table with his chief dish, the president's turkey has been dressed in this fashion. For that matter, it is the only proper way to dress any real Rhode Island turkey, says Mr. Vose, and what he does not know about the bird that the Narragansetts declared was the food of the gods is not worth looking up.

No. 4—Being Weighed In.

While Mr. Vose is content to let the turkey be killed and plucked under his eye by the best man in his employ—every employee strives for the honor—he alone must ascertain the number of pounds and ounces of succulent meat destined for presidential consumption. This is a very important and delicate

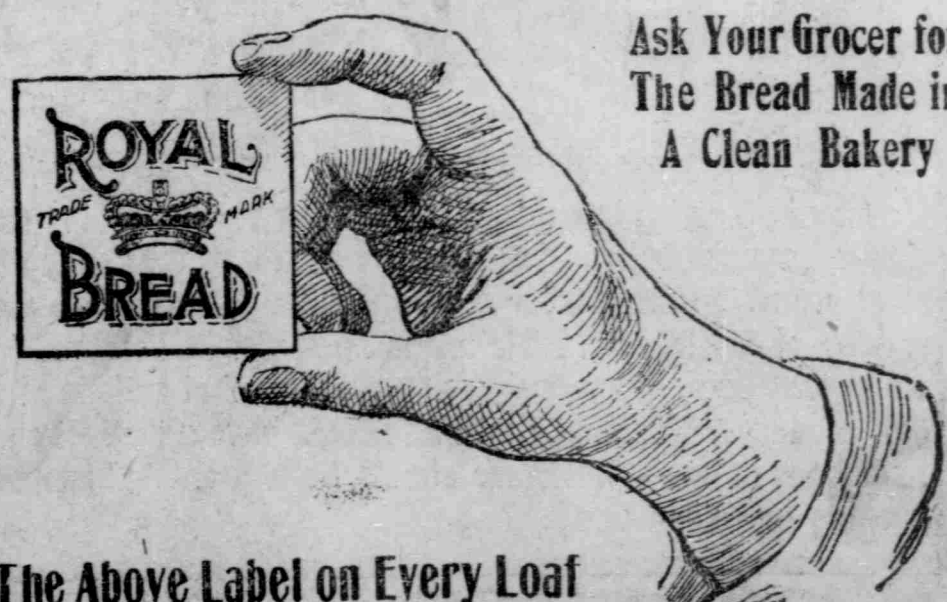
operation, and Mr. Vose spends more time over it than a new mother consumes in weighing her precious baby. Care is taken that the scales are perfectly true, and while the actual weighing is going on the silence round about is so noticeable that it would be easy to hear a pin drop. But everybody concerned congratulates everybody else, and Mr. Vose in particular. That is a happy moment in Mr. Vose's life when he is able to announce to his expectant employees that the president will eat a weight record-breaking bird.

No. 5—The Bird in Its Box.

Mr. Vose also insists on personally packing the bird for shipment. The box is neatly lined with pure white paper, so that when the lid is removed the colors in the feathers will contrast gloriously with the immediate surroundings. The wings are drawn up so as nearly to cover the plucked breast and legs; the head is drawn down the back and a little to one side, and, with breast up, the bird is carefully placed in the box. After which, with his own hands, Mr. Vose nails down the lid,

No. 6—All Ready for the Journey.

The figures in the circle denote the joint weight of turkey and box; and let it be understood right here that most of the weight is turkey. The letters "D H" tell how the turkey travels; a great many of us do not object to traveling the same way when opportunity offers. It is a courtesy that the president's turkey is certainly entitled to. It is a courtesy that has been extended to every one of Mr. Vose's presidential turkeys.



Ask Your Grocer for
The Bread Made in
A Clean Bakery

The Above Label on Every Loaf